

Mayday

by Dassy Wassy

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Summary: A SPARTAN III Commando, Blackout is sent to a UNSC base, fort Gunter for a mere checkup when an unknown force crash lands him in the forest. He travels through the forest, and along the way, meets someone far worse than the covenant. Rated T.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Prologue

I felt my chest on a cold metal floor. It was dark. The brightest thing in the room was the flashlight on my helmet, flickering in the dark. I rose to my feet, picking up my helmet. I slid it over my long, brown hair and sealed it on. A large crack spread across my visor, and my Heads Up Display was failing. I tried to move, but I seemed to be stuck. From darkness, a door slid open, revealing a white room. A man with a briefcase walked out from the opening, and it shut behind him. A light followed him, seemingly coming from nowhere, making him visible amongst the blackness. I had seen him before, I just couldn't remember where. He reached me, then straightened his tie. Taking a deep breath in, he spoke. "Greetings... Blackout, is it? Your tactics have proven you a worthy... weapon, on the battlefield, in fact, I have received some... Requests from your superiors... to... "Relocate" you to a new... "Division", they feel your current... Acquaintances aren't up to notch for the job... Until then, we part ways here...".

As he walked into the white exit, I could move again, but as I began chasing the man, I slowed to a halt, as he grinned, the door closing on me. Time resumed, and I stopped running. I looked around, then collapsed on the ground. My objectives display read: _Callsign: Blackout on standby until further assessment. _My armor locked up, and my armor energy began to drain. I blinked, and to my surprise, when I opened my eyes I was in a cryo tube. I drifted off into unconsciousness, until he decided to summon me again.

****ONE MONTH EARLIER**

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I remember that it was a cold afternoon. I was sitting down next to 3 ODS'Ts in the 14th pelican bay of Panther base, on Harvest. I was more of a Lone Wolf than a team mate. Since I was alone on most of my ops, I was generally quiet. Me and the ODS'Ts I mentioned were assigned to a mission halfway across the planet, to check up on a military base not far from us, and to recieve a package from them. We were quietly waiting for our pelican. Next to me was Jude, a 31 year old Corporal ODS'T. He was a quiet guy, pretty mysterious. He had always held on to a pair of dog tags from one of his previous squads, all of them not so lucky as him. Next to him was Lance Bryton. A 36 year old ODS'T Seargent who had been serving since he was 23. He was the leader of the team. He cared alot for his squad, even when he was screaming orders at them. Last was the rookie. His name was something like Joey, but I can't remember. He had a family on Reach, and he never really did shut up about them. He was only 19. Probably the bravest of them al, He'd sacrafice himself for the squad if he had to. If he didn't already have a family, he'd probably be a spartan. A bell sounded, and our pelican landed beside us. We stood, then walked into the pelican. "Take us to Fort Gunter." Spoke the Sarge. The pilot nodded, and we took off.

A/N: _That pretty much sums up the prologue for my story. I hope to expand on the ODS'Ts in seperate stories, they probably wont be around for long, this story is about Blackout, not them._

2. Pelican Down

The pelican flew gracefully through the gray, cloudy sky, as rain ricocheted off the steel body of it. We looked down upon the vast, lush, green forest that surrounded Fort Gunter, while I listened to the Sarge argue with the rookie.

"So, Sarge. How do we go about this? Do we just go in there and ask them how they've been? Cause that's sure as hell what it sounds like." Spoke Joey, the rookie of the team.

"Don't be a smart-ass, Private. We go in there, and check up on the base itself. We have also been tasked with retrieving an AI from the base."

"Oh, so we basically do what I said, then pick up an AI. Why do we need to check up on them, anyway? Don't we have the tech to just phone in?"

"Well, we've tried and tried to phone in, but all we get is White Noise. We suspect that there has been a rebel take over."

"Rebels? What about the covenant? Aren't the Covies already on Harvest?"

"Smart thinking, private, but the Covenant wouldn't be able to find the Fort, it's the most hidden of all UNSC bases. The rebels, on the other hand know these Forests like the back of their hand."

The rest of the ride was quiet. Or at least the next few seconds. A streaming blue object came flying at our left wing, and exploded, sending the pelican plummeting through the sky.

"AH! SHIT! WHAT THE HELL JUST HIT US!" Screamed the Sarge.

"PLASMA FLARE! JUST EAST OF FORT GUNTER!" Responded the pilot.

"Plasma? HERE? HOW DID COVIES GET HERE?"

"I'M LOSING HER, QUICK GRAB SOMETHING! BRACE FOR IMPAC-"

Everything went black. I awoke in a clearing, obviously made by the Pelican. My vision was blurry, but I managed to make out flames engulfing the Pelican, and a man, just at the edge of the clearing. He was in a suit.. A blue one, and he had a suitcase at his side. He looked no older than his Mid 40's, and he wore a grim smirk on his face, as he walked away from the Pelican, seeming to disintegrate into thin air. I drifted off into a deep sleep again.

****30 HOURS LATER UNKNOWN LOCATION****

I awoke in the same clearing, leaned against the same crashed pelican. My armor was damaged, but not too bad. Save for a crack across my black visor. Thank God for armor lock. I rose to my feet. Vital signs were normal, good to hear. I walked into what was left of the Pelican. The seats were empty, save for the cockpit. Inside there was the pilot, slumped over his controls, with a shard of metal piercing his back. I assumed he died in the crash.

I exited the pelican, into the clearing around me. No ODS'Ts in sight. "Well, at least they won't be a burden on my shoulders" I thought to myself.

There were no weapons on the ground, and none in the pelican. I had a knife on my chest as usual, and my .45 was in its holster. I had 5 mags for the .45, and zero medical supplies. For hours I scoped the crash site with no prevail of finding anything. Not even a Battle Rifle in the Pelican. Stupid ODS'Ts probably over packed. Even though they left me to die, they didn't have much of a choice. Dragging a 700 pound super soldier around wasn't a good idea. Especially when he's unconscious. But they could have left me a God Damned GUN. Almost no supplies, low level of self-defense, and no idea where I'm headed in a forest my enemy knows One Million times better than I do, but now my enemy wasn't the rebels. For I feared it was a force much more powerful.

I had gathered enough supplies, If I had found anything. Some food and ammo was enough for a Spartan, hell. I didn't even need the food. I could just kill something in the forest anyway. I looked into the sky from the crash site. The sky was a dark grey, and rain was still pattering down. My HUD Said it was about 9:00 AM. I checked my radio. Dead. Wait. 9:00 AM? Dammit! I had slept for a day in the clearing! That crash put me out for a bit. I heard footsteps in the bushes. I froze. Someone... or something was out there. I ducked into the passenger seats of the Pelicans carcass, and drew my pistol, hiding in the dark. I poked my head around the pelican when the steps stopped. "Rebels. 4 of them." I thought to myself. They spoke Hungarian, I didn't get a word of it. They came closer to the pelican, and I thought fast. I grabbed the closest one, using him as a meat-shield. Then I opened fire on the other 3, followed by a quick, clean disposal of the meat-shield. "That was fast." I

chuckled.

Before anything else happened, I decided it would be wise to leave the area. The lack of a suppressor on my handgun, and the screams of the rebels probably alerted the others. I decided a location. North seemed good, seeing as that's where the Fort is, and that's a good spot to fortify myself before radioing in for evac. I scurried off to the north, eager to arrive. Little did I know, I was being followed.

The dark, camouflaged creature jumped through the trees swiftly and silently. I noticed nothing on my radar, of course. It had followed me for quite some time. It was spectating me. I knew something was there, but I didn't know what. I didn't know where, either. I kept an eye on the bushes, and the trees. Anything could pounce out onto me. I had to be ready. I supposed it had faded off into the thickness of the bushes, the animals had come back, which meant it had left. Whatever it was. I feared it was an elite, what else would cloak? I stumbled through the forest, over logs and animal carcasses. Wait. Carcass? I looked behind me at a deer. Dead and mutilated on the ground. It had been ripped in half down the center, top to bottom. Most of its entrails were missing, and its skull was blown inside out. Clearly no work of any human, or even a covie. I began fearing for much worse than what I had expected. When I turned around, however. I found something I wish I hadn't. One of the ODS'T's was hung up on a tree, by a spear in his chest. He was missing most of his face, in fact when I noticed one of the details, I recoiled. Something had gnawed most of his face off. I could see his skull. His eye was bleeding, and his other eye, well it wasn't there. I'm a spartan, but damn. That caused some fear. His skull on the left side was mostly shattered, probably the point of impact. I took his dogtags, and moved on. Whatever the hell was in this forest, it was scaring the fuck outta me. I ventured further into the bush. Whatever was next, I was ready. This was some fucked up shit. Most of the forest was quiet. Save for one thing I heard. A loud, bloodcurdling scream was heard, it was almost a battle cry. But it wasn't human, it sounded almost demonic. It screeched throughout the forest, and almost made my ears bleed. Whatever was out there, wanted me next. I looked at the new kid's body one last time, I could barely see it through the bush; I saluted him, and kept on walking towards what my helmet was saying to be North, right in the direction of Gunter.

End
file.